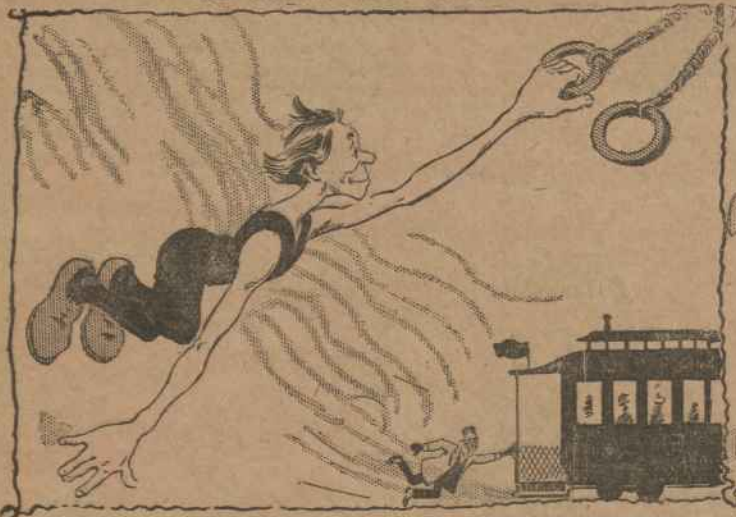


WE KNOW HOW IT IS.



Young Mrs Oppenstein, who formerly resided on Lexington avenue is now delighting large audiences nightly at Lock-jaw's Pleasure Palace

**Hard Cines.**

**FIRST FREAK**—The living skeleton has married the two-headed girl.  
**SECOND FREAK**—Yes, and now he's liable to arrest for bigamy.

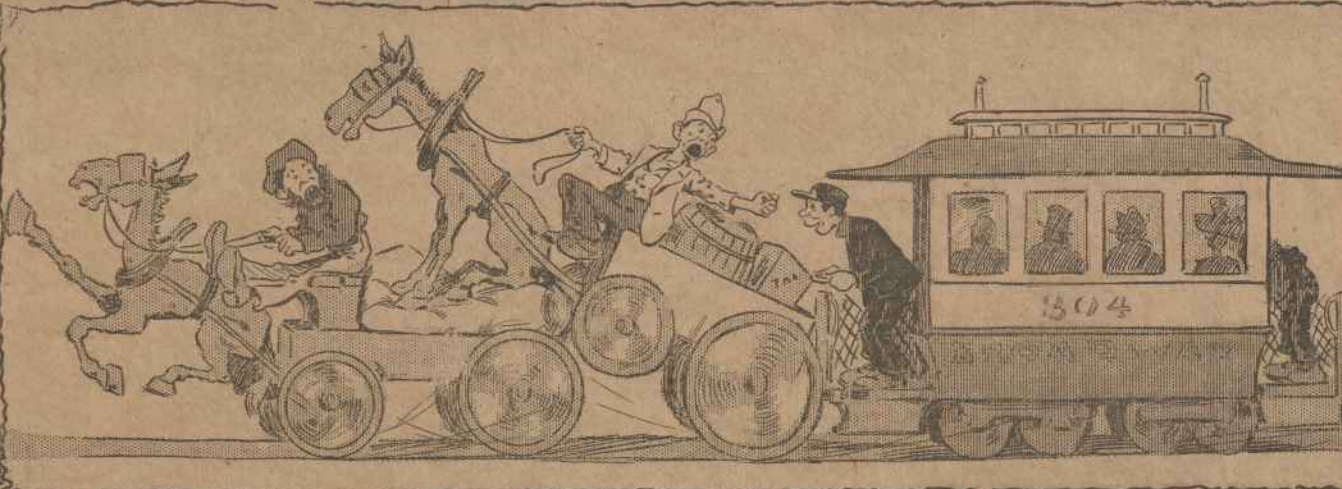
**Proof of Innocence**

**THE KING**—Some people say we're very wicked.  
**THE JACK**—And yet there isn't a black heart in the whole deck.

**The Holy Land.**

"And so," said the Dear Old Minister, "you have been to Palestine? May I ask your impressions of that land?"  
"The land," replied the Convert from Kansas, "wont average a bushel of corn to the acre."

AN IMPROVEMENT IN RAPID TRANSIT



Owing to the capable and efficient management of the Broadway and Seventh Avenue Railroad Company blockades on lower Broadway now seldom occur

**Clothing, Etc.**

When into politics and such  
She's advanced enough to dip.  
At hearth and home, quite naturally  
She has to let things rip.

**Real Love.**

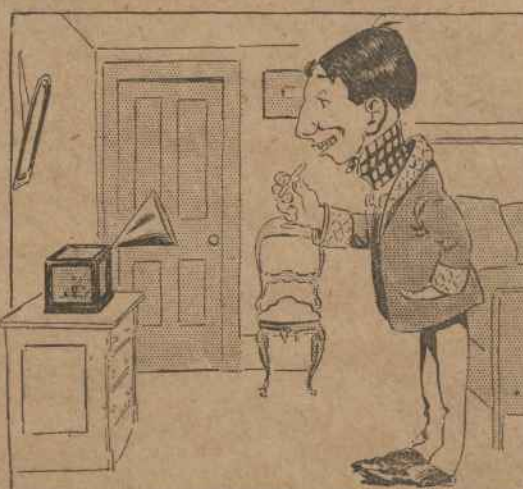
"And do you really love me?" she asked.  
"Love you? Have I not decided to continue the use of my last year's wheel in order to save money for our home?"

**None There.**

HE—I wonder why there are no marriages in heaven.  
SHE—How can there be marriages without men?

**In Colorado.**

**TOURIST**—I think your broncho should be called "Paradise."  
**GUIDE**—Whuffer?  
**TOURIST**—Because his gait's a jar."

**A PHONOGRAPHIC PROPOSAL.**

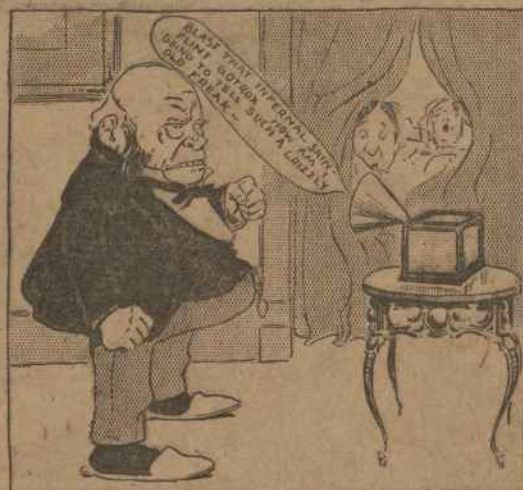
1. CHUMPLEIGH—Blast that infernal skinflint, Gotrox. How am I ever going to tell such a grizzly old freak that I love his daughter? Ah! the phonograph! I'll send him my message in that.



2. CHUMPLEIGH—"Respected and very dear sir: I have long loved your daughter madly," etc.



3. GOTROX—Chumpleigh sent me a phonograph. Saves me quite a heap of dough. He's not so worse, after all. Let's see how it works.



4. THE PHONOGRAPH—"Blast that infernal skinflint, Gotrox. How am I ever going to tell such a grizzly old freak!"



5. GOTROX—(Biff! bang! boot!) Get out of here, you impudent scoundrel, and never darken my door again!

IT'S SUICIDE TO TRY TO GROSS.



AGED SYMPATHETIC FEMALE—Did that unfortunate person commit suicide?

THE PEELER ON THE BEAT—B'liggerrd I know it's gettin' so, on this post, that you can't tell suicides from anybody else.

**She was a Flyer.**

FLIPPER—And how did your sail boat come to be wrecked?  
SKIPPER—Well, you see she was making so many knots the crew wasn't able to unravel them.

**Unwholesome.**

VISITOR—What gave the editor such a bad attack of indigestion?  
OFFICE BOY—Colonel Gore called yesterday and made him eat his words

**About the Size of It.**

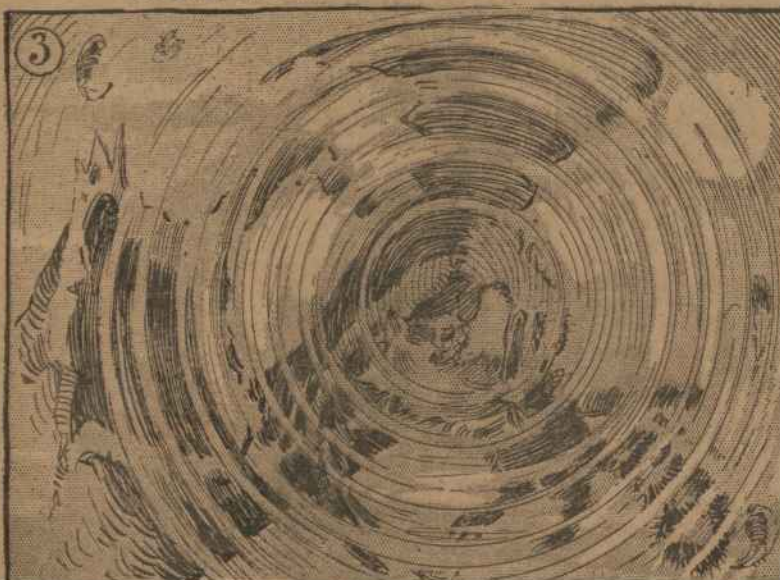
LITTLE ELMER—Pa, what is a reformer?  
PAPA—One who advocates reforms in others, my son.

**THE TURKEY THAT WAS AN EAGLE.**

1—Fresh Young 'Coon—By my ring-tailed grandmother! here's a turkey dinner for me



2—Both—Just watch him get it in the neck.



3—Disgusted Bald Eagle—Say 'I'm no pin-feathered turkey, see? Take that, and that!



4—Phew 'I haven't had so much excitement since the Fourth of July.

**Binkley's Enigma.**

Binkley usually reads a book after supper, but one night he was feeling rather talkative, and he thought he would entertain his wife for a time while she was sewing.

"Elvira," he said, "I've got an enigma for you. Try if you can guess it."

"Why, certainly, dear," said Mrs. Binkley. "I just used to dote on enigmas when I was a girl. Do tell it to me."

"All right," said Binkley. "I made it up myself. I am found in town, but not in books; in street, but not in office; in night, but not in work; in dance, but not in business, and in racket, but not in early What am I?"

"You are a miserable, deceitful, vile, abandoned villain," said Mrs. Binkley, laying down her sewing. "I have suspected for a long time that your going downtown to post up your books was only a pretence, but I never thought you would have the brutal assurance to come out and acknowledge it, you brazen profiteer."

"Why, Elvira, what's the matter with you? I'm just giving you a word."

"Yes, you're always giving me your word and breaking it. I can see through your enigmas and insinuations, you base monster you! Then you come and laugh at me to my face about it."

"Can't you understand anything?" said Binkley. "The letter 't' is in 'town, but not in 'book; and 'r' is in 'street, but not in 'office; and 'i' is in 'night, but not in 'work, and so on till the word is finished. The whole thing is 'trick,' you know."

"Yes, I know it's a trick, Samuel Binkley, and I've been watching it a long time. Out at night to your dances and rackets, and me here at home slaving and sitting up till 2 o'clock in the morning for you to come home! I know your trick, sir! You thought I wasn't smart enough to catch on to your disgraceful enigma. I should think a man as low down and contemptible as you are would be ashamed to boast to his wife of his disreputable deceptions under cover of a pusillanimous, silly, childish enigma. You let me hear you say a word about going downtown at night again, Samuel Binkley, and I'll give you an enigma that will take half the hair off your head."

Binkley now reads a book again of evenings after supper.

**Stroubles.**

"I stood by my friend the last time he got into trouble."

"Was that when he got married?"

**The Usual Thing.**

HEWITT—Who is that knock-kneed, round-shouldered fellow?

JEWETT—I believe he is a teacher of physical culture.

**Just in Time.**

There were seven or eight men in the saloon playing dominoes, and when Brimstone Bill came in with fire in his eye and ordered them up to take a drink, they crowded to the bar in a hurry.

Brimstone Bill had the town bulldozed, and he knew it. He was very, very bad, and had eight notches cut in the handle of his six shooter.

"I turns this town wrong side out to-night," he said, "and hangs it up prompt at 4 a. m. to let the paint dry. Before I begin, everybody liquors. Which I politely requests that every sneakin' coyote of you steps to the bar."

All obeyed but one man. He was of medium size, neatly dressed, and had a cool, calm eye and a square jaw. He remained seated by the stove reading his paper.

Brimstone Bill struck his fist upon the bar. "I don't mean to exclude nobody from my invitation," he shouted. "You drinks with me or you feeds coyotes. Which ever shall it be?"

The men at the bar whispered among themselves that the man was a stranger in town, and wondered where Bill would hit him.

The stranger turned his head and looked Brimstone Bill straight in the face. His countenance was as unmoved as if he were gazing at a work of art instead of at the worst man in the gulch. There was a quiet, untrifled, ominous gleam in his eye.

"Air ye comin', ye wolverine?" thundered the Terror, reaching one hand to the side of his belt.

The stranger suddenly dropped his paper, rose quickly to his feet, drew something with a long, shining barrel from his pocket, and started for Brimstone Bill.

Brimstone Bill wavered for an instant, and then abdicated his position as terror of the gulch. It was the coolest thing he had ever been up against, and he turned and fled ignominiously into the street.

The stranger leaned over the bar, placed his tin ear trumpet to his ear, and said:

"Was that gentleman talking to me?"

"He was," said the bartender.

"What did he want?"

"He wanted to set 'em up."

"Is he good?"

"I guess."

"Then give me a long whiskey, with a dash of bitters. This deafness of mine is always throwing me behind time."

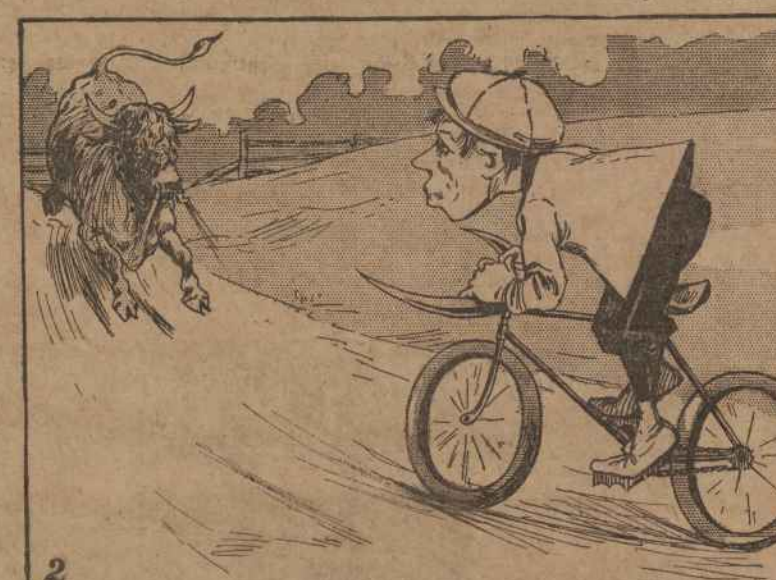
**Original Extravaagance.**

MRS HIGGLEBAUM (excitedly)—Oh, Isaac! Isaac! der cook has plown herself out oop mit dot sife, gallow can oaf gasoline!

OLD HIGGLEBAUM—Discharge her! Discharge her instantly, vor vastefulness. Vun gallon would haf done her yooost as vell!

**EVERYMAN HIS OWN TOREADOR.**

1—'With this pair of horns for a handle bar. I'm on a safety for sure.



2—'Ah, here comes a wild bull. I'll see how it works.



3—Bang!!!



4—Cholly—(as he rolls away) "I'll ride right on to Washington and have it patented."